

# CURRY



*Arts Journal*

2009

**Cover Design**  
Amrul Saeed

**Faculty Advisor**  
Karen D'Amato

**List of Art Work**

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**CORRECTIONS**

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As you view the drawings in the center art section, please note the following corrections.

1. p. 33 Title: "Untitled" (not "Textured Objects")  
Artist: Ashley Nawn (not Samantha McDuffee)  
Bio: Ashley Nawn is a junior Communication major.
2. p. 41 Title: "Textured Objects" (not "Texture")  
Artist: Samantha McDuffee (not Laura Wilder)
3. Laura Wilder's drawing entitled "Texture" will be published in *Curry Arts Journal 2010*.

All involved in the publication of the *Curry Arts Journal* apologize for these errors and any confusion and discomfort they may have caused.



CURRY COLLEGE

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## Editors' Note

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading the latest edition of the *Curry Arts Journal*. We appreciate the support you have shown over the years and hope you enjoy the writing and artwork we have compiled for *Curry Arts Journal 2009*. Our goal was to shine a spotlight on some of the many truly talented writers and artists at Curry College. We received so many wonderful pieces that it made it extremely difficult to choose.

We want everyone who submitted to know that your creations were all appreciated and enjoyed. If your piece did not get chosen, do not despair. Your skills are needed to enhance the quality of the *Curry Arts Journal 2010*. For the next edition, we highly encourage all Curry students to submit literary and visual artwork on any and all subjects. Submitting a piece is a great learning experience and having it published is a significant recognition and achievement. Additionally, we call on faculty members to help motivate students to join in the fun and get published.

In the year-long process of overseeing all the submissions, selecting pieces for publication, and showcasing student work, we have acquired experience through practice and expanded our skills in critiquing, editing, design, layout, publicity, and events planning. As a student-based publication, we hope to increase the size of our team and make the *Journal* more successful each year.

The *Curry Arts Journal* offers two practicum courses taught by Professor Karen D'Amato. Practicum I and II allow students to explore the many aspects of producing a literary arts journal. Students may enroll in both courses earning a total of three credits per semester and six credits during an academic year. Each course can also be repeated once for a total of twelve credits. The structured, for-credit arrangement encouraged us to stay on task and enhanced our dedication to process and product. Participating students experience a range of responsibility that influences the *Journal's* content, including corresponding with students concerning

their submissions, arranging workshops with student authors, editing final selections, and planning events.

As editors, we were also responsible for a variety of public relations activities, including conducting classroom visits to publicize *Curry Arts Journal* deadlines and events and writing content for and designing flyers. This year's flyers received an updated, fun look which we hope enhanced the awareness on campus. We held one open mic each semester, inviting students to read different genres of their writing and to listen to the works of their peers in an intimate setting. This year both events took place in the newly furnished reading area on the first floor of Levin Library. We would like to thank Acting Library Director David Miller and his staff for providing the space and helping to set up and host the events. Their hospitality and collaboration always add so much.

The fall event featured spoken word artist Tory Bullock, a director/performer with Company One, the resident theater company at Boston Center for the Arts. Tory performed his pieces from memory before turning over the mic to *Curry Arts Journal 2008* authors and open mic readers. The spring event took place in April in honor of National Poetry Month and featured this year's Writing Poetry students and *Curry Arts Journal* authors and other student and faculty writers. We would like to thank all faculty members who read, attended, or encouraged their students to attend, especially Humanities Chair and English Coordinator Susan Peterson, Writing Program Director Sandy Kaye, and First Year Seminar Director Carrie Cokely for supporting these events.

Another step in publicizing the *Journal* was classroom visits. Each member of the course presented to classes to inform students of upcoming events and/or workshops. All editors were responsible for promoting events and discussing the Practicum class along with encouraging students to submit their best work. To this end, we invite students who wish to improve their writing to attend our workshops. The workshops are collaborative meetings where editors and authors share revision ideas and discuss editing suggestions.

On the subject of collaborations, 2008 marked an exciting partnership between Curry's award-winning radio station WMLN (91.5 FM) and the *Curry Arts Journal*: readings of selections from the 2008 edition were broadcast live from the Club Fair in September. This was a great way to celebrate the new edition and extend the reach of Curry writers. We would like to thank WMLN, especially WMLN Director Alan Frank and Program Managers Emily Carr and Dan Mazella, for organizing and producing this event. We would also like to thank Assistant Director of Student Activities Joseph DiMaria for approaching us about including *Curry Arts Journal* selections in the 2009 yearbook. As last year, we were happy to share selections and pleased that many of this year's writers and artists have found a wider audience and second home in the yearbook. We heartily encourage other innovative suggestions from this and other student organizations in the future.

Concerning the *Journal's* production, we have again received valuable help from individuals in the Curry Publications Department, who completed the layout and production work; photographer Brian Winchester, who photographed and prepared the artwork; and graphic designer Rosemarie Valentino who supervised the project.

In closing, we wish to thank the following professors for their great help with this edition: literary faculty judges Jeannette DeJong, Dorothy Fleming, Armand Inezian, Sandy Kaye, Jeannette Landrie, Lori Lubeski, and David Miller for their time, their sensitive reading of texts, and their useful comments toward revision; and visual arts faculty judges Laurie Alpert, Iris Kumar, and Elizabeth Strasser for their time, expertise, and encouragement of student artists. Again this year, we would especially like to thank Iris Kumar for guiding her students in their creative cover designs and Dorothy Fleming, Coordinator of the First-Year Writing Prize, for forwarding this year's top essays for our review. One first-place essay (written by one of our very own Curry Arts Journal editors!) and two honorable mention essays appear here with the authors' consent. A hearty congratulation to this year's winners and honorable mentions! We are also happy to have received permission from many of the other winners to consider their essays for the 2010 edition.

Our thank yous would not be complete without acknowledging David Miller and his library staff for providing the practicum with a friendly meeting place as well as access to a library computer lab, Humanities Department Secretary Paula Cabral for her indispensable help with *Curry Arts Journal* events, production, and distribution, the Office of Student Activities for its continued commitment of funding, and Fran Jackson and Rosemarie Valentino of the Office of Institutional Advancement for their continued commitment of time and resources to *Curry Arts Journal*. We also wish to acknowledge Chief Academic Officer David Potash, Associate Dean Lisa Ijiri, Humanities Chair and English Coordinator Susan Peterson, and Writing Program Director Sandy Kaye for their continued support of the practicum.

Lastly, we would like to thank Professor Karen D'Amato for her unwavering dedication and generosity to the production of the *Journal*. Her supportive and caring nature helped us immensely while creating it. After reading this edition, we hope you will agree that due to our collaborative efforts and the community's endless support *Curry Arts Journal 2009* is a quality student publication full of diversity, originality, and heart.

Sincerely,

Victoria Alexander

Richard Guerra

Alex Helt

Kelly Martin

Diana Pappas

The *Curry Arts Journal* Editors

## Mountain People

By Richard Guerra

And from the mountains come full flocks of men, women and children  
each one so beautiful, so full of life, flowing with the soft fabrics of  
their clothing ruffling along behind them

With no aches in their bones  
they race along the warm dirt of the slopes  
to copper fields kissed with refreshing beads from the water of the sky

They close their eyes as their bare legs greet the cold, surprising tingles  
Their bodies stroke the field  
like the back of a beautiful animal

They come open-handed, eyes closed, mouths open wide and smiling  
and the water comes down into their smooth palms  
not in drops of rain but long streams at a pressure neither scathing  
nor sprinkling

Their hands fill and overflow  
Cold drops smack against their bare toes  
nestled in the cool grass

Drawing their hands close to their lips  
breathing deep the sweet valley air  
they drink full and long from their cupped hands

They let the water dribble down their chins, their necks  
let it settle across their chests and shoulders  
feel its chill as it soaks into their clothes

They do not wipe their mouths  
They do not dry their shirts  
They only drink again

## What Didn't Happen

*By Krista Selna*

Waiting for the subway alone, she pulls her coat tighter around her. It's cold and she knows she should have worn more under her coat than just a thin t-shirt and jeans, she should have brought a scarf, a hat and some gloves, she should have worn a big oversized turtleneck sweater that would be large enough to swallow her whole and hide her from the strange faces surrounding her. The walls are dingy, but they always are, like New York itself. She digs her hands into her coat pockets for warmth, but the thick, sticky, invisible grime covering her palms, from when she held the rail on the way down the stairs, prevents her from feeling any comfort at all. She ignores the fact that her palms are covered in some unimaginable subway substance and she ignores the fact that there's a man, slightly older than her, just behind her to her left who seems to be getting closer and maybe he's even watching her.

He's wearing a hoodie, a wool coat, tight jeans and has a few duffel bags slung around his shoulders. His face is unshaven and his dark hair is cut close to his head. She thinks he's attractive, in a Lou Reed, Velvet Underground kind of way, so it doesn't bother her too much when he seems to catch her eye and smile at her. She's not sure if he really did smile at her, but she looks away just in case and pulls her coat even tighter. She wonders where he is going, what stop he will get off at, and secretly she hopes he doesn't get off before she does.

The subway arrives and the doors open, she walks surely into the car with her head held high and her eyes focusing on the space just above everyone's head, making sure not to make eye contact with anyone, least of all the man with the duffel bags. She takes a seat, folds her hands in her lap and smiles slightly to at least appear as if she's cool, calm and collected, when really she's secretly eyeing the dirty woman who sat down next to her, the old man with sweaty, fidgety hands, the foreigner with the wandering eye, and the man with the duffel bags who just sat directly across from her.

The car isn't crowded, but it feels that way to her, it feels so crowded it's suffocating: her heart beats faster, her palms begin to

sweat and she tries hard to catch her breath and at least appear cool, calm and collected again. The man begins rummaging through his bag, through his pockets and through his bags again. She can't help but look at him and wonder where he is going, what he is looking for and who he is. She can't help if she's slightly attracted to the mystery surrounding him and his travel-worn duffel bags.

He looks at her and asks, "Do you have a cell phone?"

"I uh, yes." She returns to reality. "Do you need to use it?" she asks.

"I can't find mine, I think I left it at my friends, but I'm not sure, it might be in one of my bags."

She takes her cell phone from her coat pocket and hands it to him, he smiles and thanks her. She watches him as he dials a number and listens to each bag separately, placing his ear against the faded black fabric, then he dials a new number and starts talking to someone, someone who must be the friend he left the phone with. He hands her phone back to her, his hand lightly brushing her hand, smiles and thanks her again, and as she places her phone back in her pocket with her hand still wrapped tightly around it, she feels the warm spot where his hand was just holding it. He watches her and smiles again. The doors open and she walks, or runs, out. She's not sure where she's going, but she's glad she's no longer on that car. Looking at the subway map, she tries to figure out where she is and where she is going, and from behind her she hears the man with the duffel bags speak. "Let me help you as a thank you for letting me use your phone," he says.

She doesn't say anything, but she notices that they are all alone, that everyone else who got off the train with her knew where they were going and they left in a hurry. "Don't worry, you can trust me," he says, laughing.

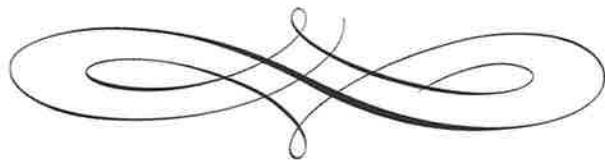
He's only slightly older than her, and only slightly taller, but she feels so much younger and so much smaller. "I'm going to Central," she manages.

"I'm going down that way too, let me show you where to go, follow me," he says and he starts walking in the opposite direction that everyone else who got off the train with her went. She walks after him and follows him down the long, dark hall. He tells her where he's from and where he's going, and yet he doesn't ask any-

thing more of her. They reach a fork where the hall splits in two and he says, "Down there is where you go, down here is where I'm going."

"Thank you," she whispers.

He looks into her eyes and smiles, and she feels like there's something more to say, like he's going to ask her something, or follow her, but instead he turns and walks down the hall where she isn't going. She stands there looking after him, feeling strange, like something happened, but didn't really, and then after another moment, she walks down the hall where he didn't go.



## Slipping

*By Emma Lown*

I could see his body  
dissolving into the pavement as he ran,  
feet pounding hard enough  
to sink into concrete.  
He needed this earth  
to grab hold, to root himself back in  
before faceless ghosts  
could suck him into the shadows of looming buildings.  
A paradoxical dilemma,  
wanting to disappear and needing to stay  
in this city that haunted him.  
He could never get away,  
break the potent feeling of connectedness.  
He once whispered to me that he breathed right along  
with this city, its pulse so loud  
he could hear it everywhere.  
I wanted him to slow down  
but his feet wouldn't stop moving.  
I yelled at him to stop  
and he said, Don't worry I'm not going anywhere  
but I couldn't see him anymore.

## Goodbye Hero

By Megan Loneragan

My Papa's name was Fredrick Kavanaugh; he was one of my heroes. When I was little, he told me all about the Korean War, a war he proudly fought in. He was a friendly-looking man, with a barrel chest and long legs. You could not miss the glasses he always wore that emphasized his welcoming eyes, and the hands that would consume you in a handshake. My Papa is my mother's father. Raised by his two aunts after he was orphaned at twelve years old, he had to drop out of high school to work and help with the bills. Despite his difficulties, he always was thankful for what he accomplished. He owned his own store, had an amazing wife and family, and made some of the best memories that anyone could imagine.

One story sticks out in my mind about the store my grandparents owned. When my mom was a teenager my Papa and Nana decided to move their family from Holbrook to Cape Cod. My grandparents bought a general store and were so proud of this accomplishment. My mom and her siblings found themselves working in the store constantly. Right when things looked like they were becoming easier, my Papa got the phone call: the store had burned down. My Papa did not even skip a beat. He did not dwell on the bad, just started looking forward and making new plans. He was soon employed by a sheet metal company and worked there until the store was rebuilt.

Another story I remember centers around a tricycle. When I was a young child, going to Papa's and Nana's house meant *the red tricycle*; my Papa had rebuilt it when my oldest cousin was born. Over the years, he had had to improvise because there were eventually seven of us using the tricycle, all different ages, between three and fourteen. Smart man that he was, he decided to start putting blocks on the pedals so we could all ride. He screwed on different size blocks for whatever grandchild was anxiously waiting to use it. As we rode, he was never far in case a fight over the tricycle began or a scraped body part occurred. He always found a solution to

everything. How could you not look up to a person like that?

Unfortunately, as I got older, my hero started to change, and when I was ten, the changes happening were undeniable. His mood was different; he was no longer at the door to greet us when we went to visit; he stopped emphasizing our names and generalized everything. That same year, my Nana told the family everything would be different. My Papa had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. This disease, something we had all feared, had him following his siblings down the same sad road he had watched them travel. The saddest thing was that the disease caused him to lose the wonderful personality I associated with him. He had a laugh that could be heard for miles, his smile could brighten anyone's day, and his eyes had a soothing look to them that could cheer anyone up. Over the next eight long years, my Papa lost all that to the disease. When he died, I discovered I wanted those characteristics back more than anything in the world. I started to think of the Christmas parties my family used to have, and how my Papa was the center of all of them. His voice was the one you could hear no matter what room you were in, and that always made everyone happy.

Even now we talk about things that happened twelve years ago, sometimes even earlier. The story that comes up in conversation every Christmas happened eleven years ago. "Rockin' around the Christmas Tree" was playing, and my cousin Emily had put on my sister's brand new Christmas shoes so she could dance to the song. We were about to open presents; my Nana and Papa were on the couch and everyone else was just getting settled when Emily started crying in the middle of the room. When we asked the four-year-old what was wrong, all she did was point at the fireplace. My uncle Dave, her dad, looked at her and saw only one shoe on her foot. He immediately looked into the fireplace and saw the matching shoe. He reached in and got the shoe, on fire, and threw it to my uncle Jay. Everyone was screaming as my Papa yelled out orders to my uncles. During this whole time, my two uncles were throwing the lit shoe back and forth. After the fire finally went out, they placed the shoe in water as my sister and cousin cried. Year after year my Papa, in hysterics, brought up the story at our parties.

But funny stories were not the only ones he told. He was so proud of the accomplishments of his four children and seven grandchildren that he had a story for each and every one of us. Whether they were in sports, school, or recreational activities, he always made them sound like we had done something great. My hero, always with a smile on his face, gave me the confidence I needed. That is possibly the best feeling in the world, when your hero is proud of you.

My Papa worked so hard at everything he did. The hours of labor he would put into something simple always showed. His lawn was always perfectly mowed, the house well painted, every panel of the fence was identical, and when he did the dishes he could stand there for hours making sure every last dish was clean. When my grandparents got a dog, my Nana wanted a cage in the back yard for the dog to have its own area. He did not just build a cage; he made a fenced-in palace for the dog. The cage went from their garage back door into the back yard; he also added fencing so the dog could see the yard. Given how my Papa lived, our whole family found it fitting that the day he died, September 4, 2006, was Labor Day.

At the funeral, the seven of us, the seven grandchildren, all took our place around our grandfather's casket. My shaking hands were in view, even though I was wearing white gloves to cover them. I wore gloves that day, as all of my cousins did, because you must wear them in order to touch the flag on a veteran's casket. Walking down the aisle, the never ending aisle, I found myself thinking of how amazing my Papa was for giving so much to all of us. I thought of my mom, and how I hugged her after the phone call, the one that had told her that her father had passed away. I thought of my senior year and how he would not be there to see me sitting on stage at graduation. I looked around at my cousins who were all crying. I had been crying the entire funeral, and it made me feel better to know that I was not alone.

Sitting in the pews that morning, I thought of how the last few years had been such a struggle for my Papa and how he was better now, since he would no longer suffer. He had had many surgeries and so many complications, yet he always seemed to pull

through, even when the rest of the family was bracing for the worst. His glass-half-full perspective was with him until the end. Now it lives on as I remember him. He taught me how to be a good friend, and I enjoy telling my friends about my Papa. We saw what an incredible friend he was at his wake. Friends from high school, friends from the war, friends from the neighborhood, from Brockton, and the Cape all came to show the Kavanaugh family how much their friend Fred meant to them.

Leaving the church that morning, still crying, crying with the rest of the church, I knew the family would never be the same. Three years later, I still mourn my Papa. I am now in nursing school largely due to him. I want to help people the way his nurses helped him all those years. With every big test, new experience, or family event, I think of him. When I see a red tricycle or hear a laugh that fills the room, I miss him. But through the grief, my family and I have become even closer, which I did not know was humanly possible. We try to see each other and talk as often as we can. We all agreed to make the effort to stay close, and now that we do not worry about Papa, we have started making trips to the Cape to see Nana. No one ever said it, but the entire Kavanaugh family agreed to never forget Fredrick Kavanaugh and the man he was. When we are all together, we tell the stories Papa used to tell, for they are all in our memories now. We seldom talk about the funeral, but when we do, we still end up in tears. For all of us, the funeral seemed like a turning point in our lives. So now we visit my Papa in Bourne, at the National Cemetery, where all the heroes are buried. It is a place of honor and respect, exactly where his final resting place should be.

## Strange Fate

By Debra Casallas

What strange fate when I stumbled into you  
What catalyst caused that fierce chemical combustion  
that changed me...altered my life so irrevocably?  
I wonder...is your soul as beautiful and powerful  
as your physical hold?

Who am I now?  
Strange creature...  
    who yearns for you  
    and dreams of you  
Perhaps, I have lost my mind  
Or perhaps, you have awakened...my soul  
I did not know I was incomplete

This same world, now...so new  
pulsates with desire, purpose, hope  
And desperate, desolate pain  
when I'm apart from you  
Was I happy before...content...  
    a day ago, a month ago?  
So long ago

Will this electric, physical connection  
translate  
into the fierce and tender devotion  
of a soul mate?  
Strange fate...  
have I found you  
now that you possess my heart?

## The Beach

By Ananda Joyce

*"The Beach" received Honorable Mention in this year's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.*

When my dreams and goals begin to unravel and pull me into different directions, I find myself surrounded with new faces and opportunities, many of which are out of my comfort zone. Although I am excited to see where life takes me, as well as what my future has in store for me, there is only one thing in the world that I could not live without. It would be utterly impossible to live my life away from the ocean. Over the past years, the waterfront has become an important part of me. Ever since I can remember, my mother has told me that "the beach is medicine," and it was not until quite recently that I understood the message that she was conveying. Having grown up on the beach, it is easy to say that it has become my most valued part of nature and I could not imagine venturing away from it.

Most people I know would escape a bad day with a large bowl of Ben and Jerry's and release their sorrows through its sweet taste. In my case, however, when nothing seems to be going my way, I find my Chevy Blazer driving itself to the ocean. Just five minutes down the road, my distress is lost into the ocean. With a few deep breaths of the salty air, my grief mimics the vast waves and is sucked into the bottomless pit of the Atlantic. The beach is one of the only places I can be by myself and let down all guards. I can run down the endless, sandy shore discharging all annoyances, or I can find myself a dusty seat on the sea wall to skip rocks and enjoy a bit of serenity. Although my troubles have dramatically changed over the years and I no longer go there to sulk about being grounded, the beach always seems to cure every problem I force upon it. I release stress about grades, my job, or even the grief of losing two members of my family this year, into the ocean, and I find the waves whispering, "Everything is going to be alright" into my overwhelmed ears. Over the past few years, the beach has intertwined itself into my life as a sense of security and comfort.

On a lighter note, the beach has also come to represent some of the happiest moments of my life. Living in a town of eight beaches, most social activities take place on the beach. Slow morning jogs, long days of sunbathing, afternoon cook outs with friends, or even crackling bonfires at night have seeped their way into each of my hot summer days. When we were younger, my sister and I used to beg my dad to take us on adventurous walks on the jetty. Bundled in sweat shirts, we would hop from rock to rock, racing each other to the end and laughing at whoever got drenched by the unexpected wave on the side of the jagged rocks. We also used to enjoy riding on our parents boat along the coast of Marshfield, waving to onlookers on the beach and spotting out a few friends. As I got older, my friends and I would make ritual bagel and coffee runs to gossip about the scandalous weekend news. We would always try our hardest to save our breakfast until we got to the sea wall, but someone always managed to sneak their way into the bag during the short ride to the beach. Those morning rides were always filled with secrets being drowned out by roaring giggles and crashing waves. The beach has adjusted and grown with me, never failing to provide entertainment and lasting memories.

As my relationship with the beach budded, it became a personal, philosophical way to look at life. I have worked extremely hard to reach the standing that I currently hold, and the grassy dunes represent all of the hardships and obstacles that have jumped in my way. I have succeeded in overcoming most challenges, allowing me to go on with my life and dream bigger dreams to undertake. Each individual grain of sand represents my goals, and each wave is my ambitious personality, fighting to challenge the odds and accomplish them. Lastly, the crowds on the beach represent all of the people in my life. Different people pop in and out of my life, but at the end of the beach day, I am the last one standing. My goals are important to me because achieving them is the only ticket to living my ideal life, and I am the only person that can do that. Overall, the beach mirrors many aspects of my life, bringing it even closer to my heart.

My life would be empty without the beach. The beach is not just a place I go on weekends to lay out in the sun and swim in the ocean; it is my escape from daily troubles, the holder of many of my

memories, and lastly, a simple way of life. Despite the countless words I have engraved into the sand that were washed away by simultaneous waves, the beach will never be erased from my heart. No matter where I am, I will know that the beach, and my escape, is just a drive away. In the words of a wise woman, "the beach is medicine."



## Expedition South

*By John Everett*

Spiked boots clamp at a rough angle.  
On the razor's edge the orange rope extends taut,  
pulled once, now three times, but no response.

And down below the river  
running swiftly and pristine.  
Frozen are the banks that stretch out  
evenly, unbearably to the horizon.

Tattered flags flutter remorsefully against  
wind blowing frostbitten arms away from  
hypothermic torsos under solid teardrop eyes.  
Peace will be made in purple permafrost.

Now the dusk sets gainfully down  
to horizon reckoned by last chance of hope,  
darkened too but soon awoken.  
Even Spring comes to this desolate place.

## I Played Fetch with God (A Short Story)

*By Samantha Crescitelli*

I've never considered myself much of a believer. I've never identified with a saint, or felt the desire to drop to my knees in prayer to bring good into my life. In fact, I've always believed the notion of praying to a faceless being with a rather generic name to be tedious. What is more irritating I've found, however, is not the people that are normally regarded as Bible-thumpers, or people who are truly religious and have found solace in belief; it is the people who insist on participating in superficial faith. The kind of people who pray only when something has gone horribly wrong in their lives, or when they want something of material benefit. Praying for a Coach bag will not make it appear at your bedside when you wake, nor will it put the \$600 in your pocket to buy your own (and if \$600 does miraculously materialize in your pocket, I am sure there would be many more advisable ways to spend the cash). The fact of the matter here is, I haven't enough faith in anyone (this includes myself) to do anything that will benefit me, or give me something that I've asked for, so I won't trust the universe, either. All I can do is make my own luck.

This brings me to the day I sat in a chair in my living room with my feet tucked under me, twirling a pen in my hand and staring at the dog I'd impulsively decided to rescue from a shelter that morning in a desperate attempt for companionship. He sniffed idly around his new surroundings, glancing at me every few minutes with big brown eyes full of reproach, as though asking for some indication of what he should do next. I was contemplating what to name him, a very serious matter for me, and did not appreciate his attempts to distract me. He was barely a year and a half old and had been neglected by his previous owners who simply called him Al, which I found to be an absolutely formidable name for a dog.

"What to name you," I pondered aloud.

As I thought, the pen I'd been toying with fell from between my fingers and clattered gently to the hardwood floor. Within seconds,

the dog was by my side with the pen in his mouth, wagging his tail happily. I took it cautiously, surprised when he didn't put up a fight. No dog I'd ever owned had actually ever played fetch properly and willingly given up the object without a rousing game of tug of war.

I experimentally tossed the pen further across the room. Again, the dog fetched it and brought it back to me. He appeared to be smiling—if dogs can even smile the same way we do.

Maybe he's just being a suck up, I thought. Trying to be cute. I repeated the cycle three more times, just to be sure. This dog was positively unfaltering in his promptness in returning the pen.

"All right," I said aloud, "this just might be too good to be true."

I sighed heavily. I wondered how obedient this dog really was, and even began to look forward to not needing to train him. I would put him to the test.

"Sit."

He did.

"Lie down."

He did. I knew that I was beginning to grasp at straws of what could have easily been false hope.

"Roll over?"

He rolled across the carpet not once, but twice. "Show off," I mumbled, though I was truly impressed.

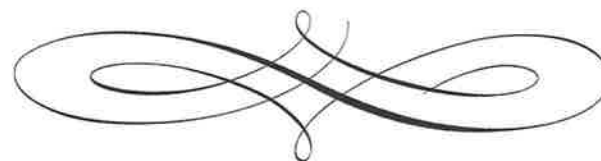
"Play dead." Surely this would be the final test of this dog's capabilities.

I began to believe that this dog was a better actor than Keanu Reeves (which I'll be the first to admit is a very low standard, even for a dog). How wonderfully refreshing to have someone—or rather something—listen to me for once, obey my every command without questioning me. I looked back at him and ordered: "Stay," just for good measure as I made my way to my computer. I pulled up an empty e-mail to send a message to my mother inquiring about suggestions for a name. *Hi Mom, I began, I adopted a dog this morning and I'm having a really hard time coming up with a name. He really is the most bizarre god I've ever -* oops, typo. Delete delete del - god? I looked over my shoulder at the dog who was looking at me expectantly, as though he knew

what I was thinking, his tongue lolling sloppily to one side.

This dog did everything I told him to without question. How ironic, not to mention downright blasphemous, that I might name him God and be the one ordering *him* around. I pictured future conversations with my family and friends: "So what did you do this morning?" they would ask. "Oh, nothing much," I'd reply. "Just played some fetch with God."

I laughed to myself as I absently patted him on the head, "I think you just might be the answer to my religious identity crisis."



## Lie of the Believers

*By Richard Guerra*

And so the journeys of each man and each woman come to a sudden  
and final conclusion

After a longstanding, built-to-last masquerade of endless illusion  
Each one responsible for pushing the other along with their own  
conjured delusion

And everything comes to a close and stops when hot stone beats and  
bulges in their chests

It pulsates faster and harder than their own hearts without relenting  
and never rests

And then they realize what place they have reached

It is this point of no return drawing all into this crimson beach

Its red searing sands

Putting burns on their hands

Cascading down

Like hot butter raindrops abound

And the only concerns twisting around

Are just their own sufferings

Shoulders cocked and spines huddling

The calluses on their palms scrape, fingers scuttling

Moving in vibrations as they shiver in their shuddering

Oblivious to all things that keep them from moving forward

They block their ears and hear neither sentence nor word

Standing knee-deep in grass with long, rough, itchy blades

Tearing at their shins, ankles, painting their legs in red flaming shades

Why bother scratching when you can wait until all feeling fades

Kept in the dunes as if they've been ensnared and died

The heat swells in their eyes

Their faces puffy and red where they've cried

They're terrified

And the comfort of their lust they've grown to trust

Dries to dust and rots to rust

Each one knows what he or she wants

But stays worn by the shouts and taunts

Everything frightens, threatens, and daunts

The fire flaunts

The wind pouring over the flames flickering

Each soul is bickering

While the devil is snickering

Every one of them still tinkering

Still testing the waters rippling

The waves grappling the shores with wide-spread palms

Fingers extended, striking all things it calms

But the feel of the cold, wet shock

Can't be felt by helpless children who won't walk

The waves won't listen to prayers they tell them

Their hands plucking the blades of grass by the stems of them

Broken bottles on the beach mixed with empty wrappers of M&Ms

Bones of buffalo chicken wings that have been discarded

Like the flies that have been swatted

Staring back at them thinking the same thoughts

Waiting for that sure and steady onslaught

Or for that boat to take them to lands uncharted

Wasting their time with their burned chances

Their tender faces and startling dances

They stand back and pray with eyes squinted

Hoping there exists somewhere some prophecy printed

That states everything will arrive unrestricted and unstinted

And suddenly they will be cured of their scorching fevers

Doesn't even matter where it came from, long as they're the receivers

Such is the promise, and the lie of the believers

## A Day in the Life of a Soldier

By Jessica Karvelas

It's 4 a.m. A slight but appreciated breeze brushes over the small cot where a scared twenty-one-year-old lies. *She's your sister.* The dust is unbearable, and there are tan lines so dark on her hands that it looks like she's wearing gloves. Never has she experienced such heat in the morning before. Nonetheless, this is no Florida vacation.

First, she gets dressed. Her uniform is perfectly clean, and you can see yourself in her boots. The reflection, though of nothing more than desert, gleams with pride. The way she makes her bed would even make your mother proud, seeing as your sister never has had to do it before. Discipline, respect, and honor show in her eyes at the same time she yawns from exhaustion, running on two hours sleep. There was a prisoner escape the night before and she had to work a double-shift. As she hopes for a calm day, she knows it will be the farthest thing from it. Walking out of the group tent, she sees chaos from all angles. "Why would I volunteer for something like this?" she thinks. *You feel both sorry and thankful for her.*

This strange place is seven hours ahead of time from her loved ones. The only time she gets to talk to them is at the crack of dawn. She has no more minutes on her calling card, so her next paycheck will have to be the next time she can talk to her family. Incoming letters packed to the brim with pictures remind her of faces that she's almost forgotten. Her eyes glaze with a shiny liquid now, knowing that her sister's birthday is only a few days away. She walks by the phones, feeling envious of every person waiting in line for them. Maybe she'll receive a care package from someone today, or soon. *You miss her.*

During the three-mile walk back from getting food, she sees a girl, about the age of ten, from the corner of her eye. Her first feeling is that of defensiveness, but she puts her job aside to see if the young child is okay. The child looks as if she hasn't eaten for days, and the soldier breaks part of her bread off to hand to her. Frightened, the girl steps back. The soldier insists, using hand gestures to motion her towards her tan-lined fingers. She takes the bread and runs away.

Later the soldier finds out that the little girl had not eaten for a full week. She takes satisfaction in that. As the weeks slowly progress, she meets with the girl and gives her food for her and her family. She is awarded with a medal of appreciation for her selfless act. *You are proud of her.*

Her friends from home watch the Patriots game at Hooters as she begins her night job. As she walks from cell to cell, prisoners attempt to throw feces at her. This is the one thing she hates most. She never knows what is going to happen. Always alert and tense, she pays attention to the slightest movements each cellmate makes. This is the most stressful part of her work. As much as her family asks questions about this, she refuses to answer. Talking about it only makes it worse. *You are scared for her.*

At last, it's time for bed. Run-down, she hopes for a better tomorrow. She was only supposed to be there for six to eight months, but as time went on, that grew to nine. Not knowing how much longer she has in this disaster zone, she can only anticipate Christmas time with her family. She lays her tired head onto her pillow, thinking to herself why she agreed to come here. "It'll make the world a better place. I have to because somebody has to do it." As she sobs herself to sleep, the people that care about her most are thinking about her every day. *You love her.*

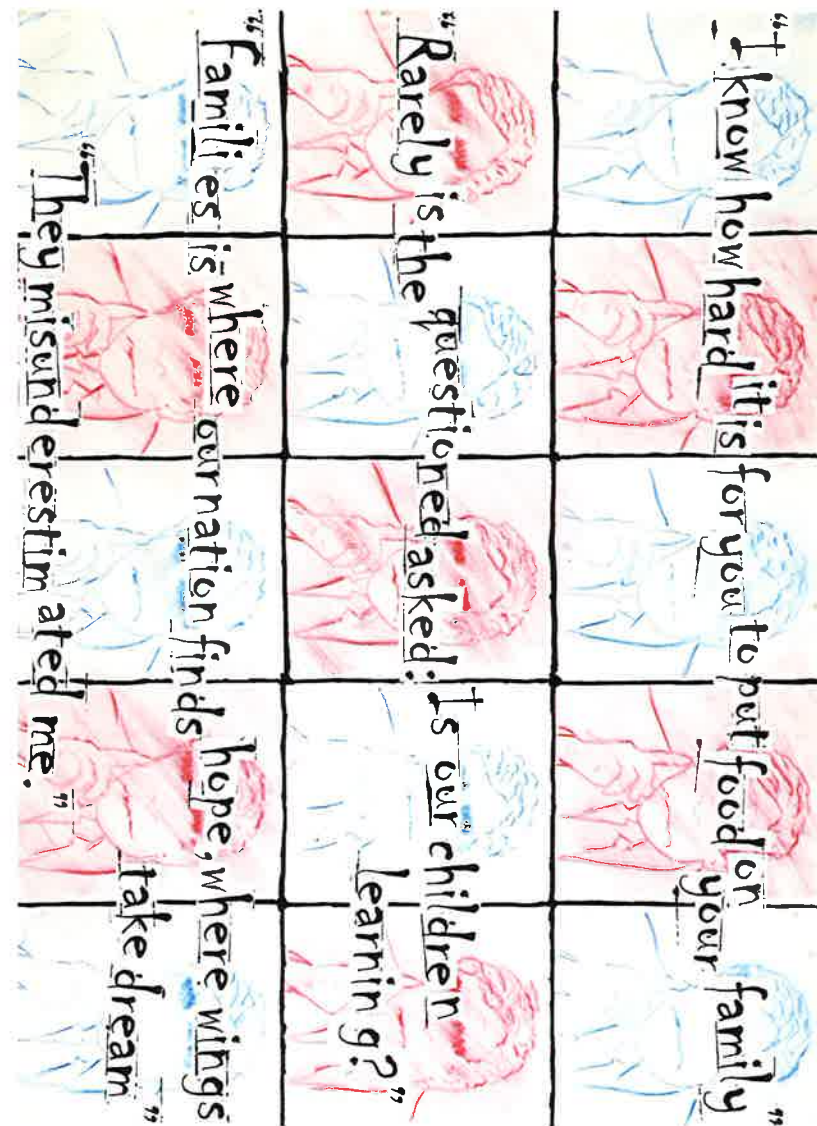
## The Last Hurrah

By Kelly Martin

What do you think of when you think about former president George W. Bush? Failure to lead our country? War? Bad economy? While all these Bush issues would be correct, his presidency has also given me something to be thankful for. Because of him, I was able to select a beautiful piece of artwork for the 2009 *Curry Arts Journal* edition in my first tenure as an editor! Even though he is not the president anymore (a fact that most Americans are delighted by), I felt it fitting to put this artwork into the journal as a "last hurrah." This can signify our goodbye to him, the ending of an era, and beginning of a new chapter, hopefully with better results.

He thinks that we "misunderestimated" him? Yes, we did! We underestimated how much he could really impact one country in eight years! And we also underestimated his uncanny ability to coin new phrases. I'm sure we've all had trouble "putting food on our family." It must take a pretty talented family to pose, immobile, while the head of the household eats food off of their backs. Me? I'd rather just buy a table; it seems much easier.

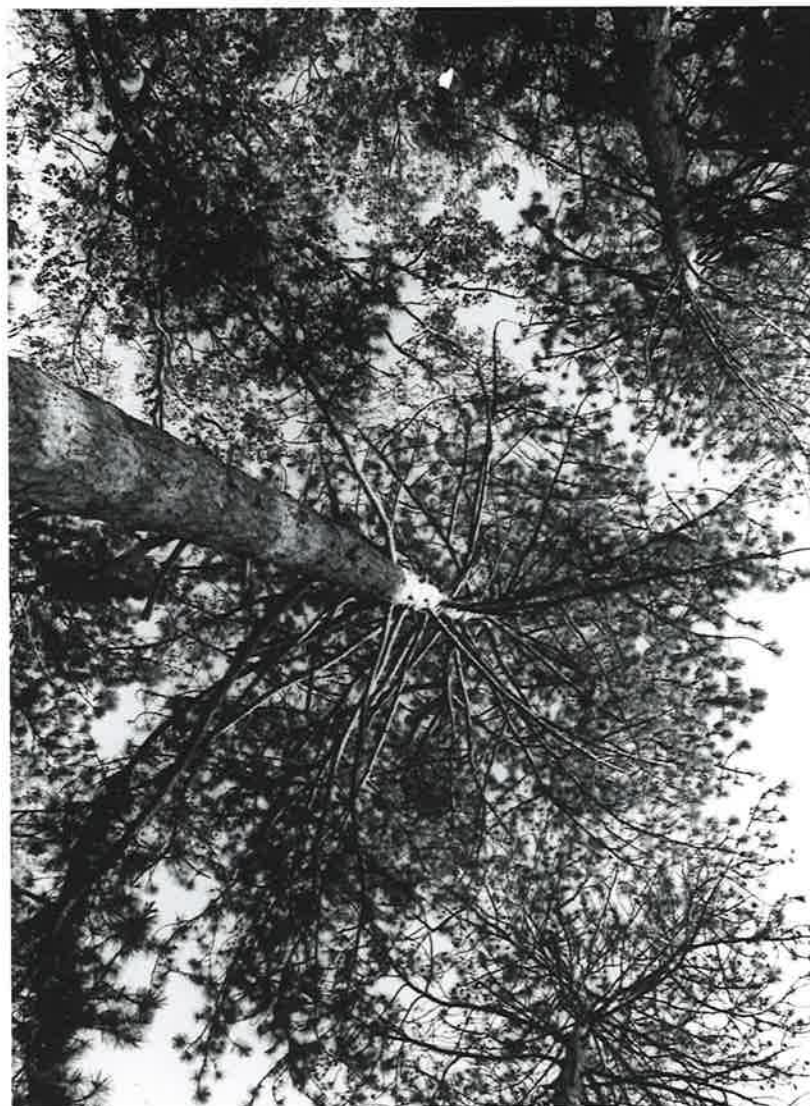
We can view this artwork as an example of a time in our history of confusion and despair. Its red, white, and blue colors represent our patriotic nature, while Bush's blurred face acknowledges his befuddled terms as president. We can also take the cue from the artist, Peggy Kennedy, to see the humor in our own mistakes. After all, we did vote him in for two terms. With Obama as president, maybe our country won't succeed at changing and maybe it will; but what we need now is hope that things will turn around. With any luck, we won't have to relive the same nightmare. For now, we look back at all of the bloopers he made and laugh—because you can't change the past and there is no sense in worrying about it. It's better to have a little hope, because as we all know, that's "where wings take dream!"



Bush-isms  
Peggy Kennedy  
Mixed Media on Paper



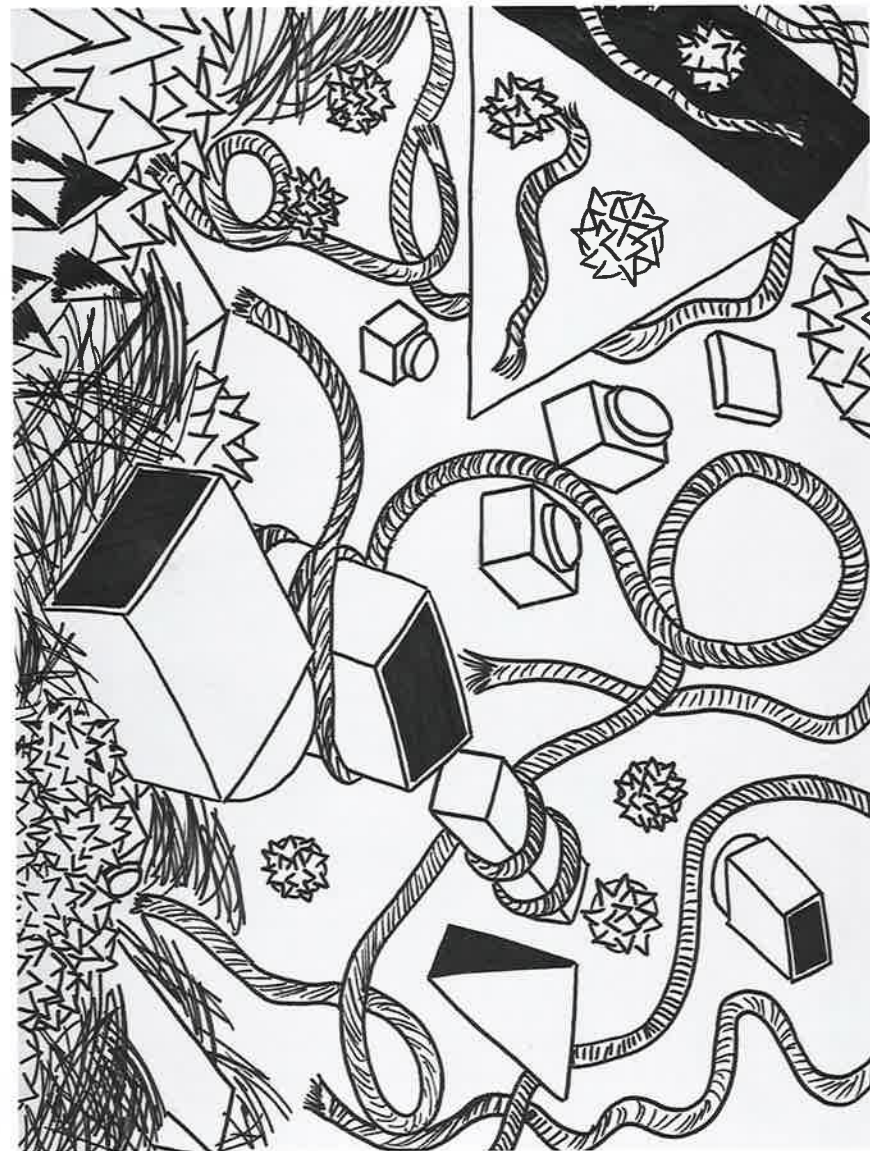
*Trapped*  
Thyra Helgesen  
Oil Painting



*Reach to the Sky*  
Christopher R. Peckbeaton  
Black and White Photography



*Rasori Major*  
Peter Machen  
Foam Board and Aluminum Wire



*Textured Objects*  
Samantha McDuffee  
Marker Drawing



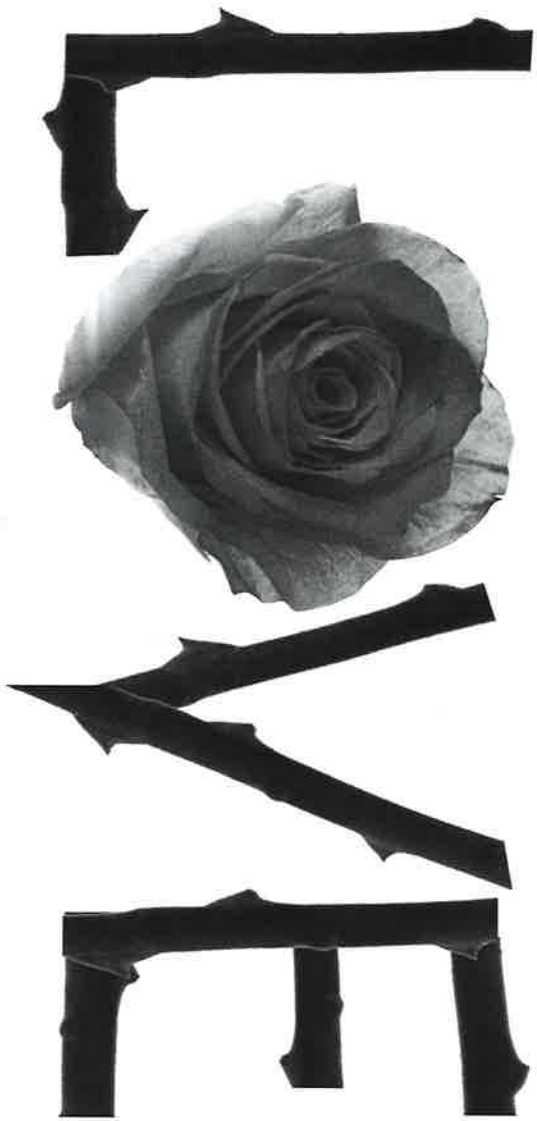
*Untitled*  
Thyra Helgesen  
Acrylic on Canvas



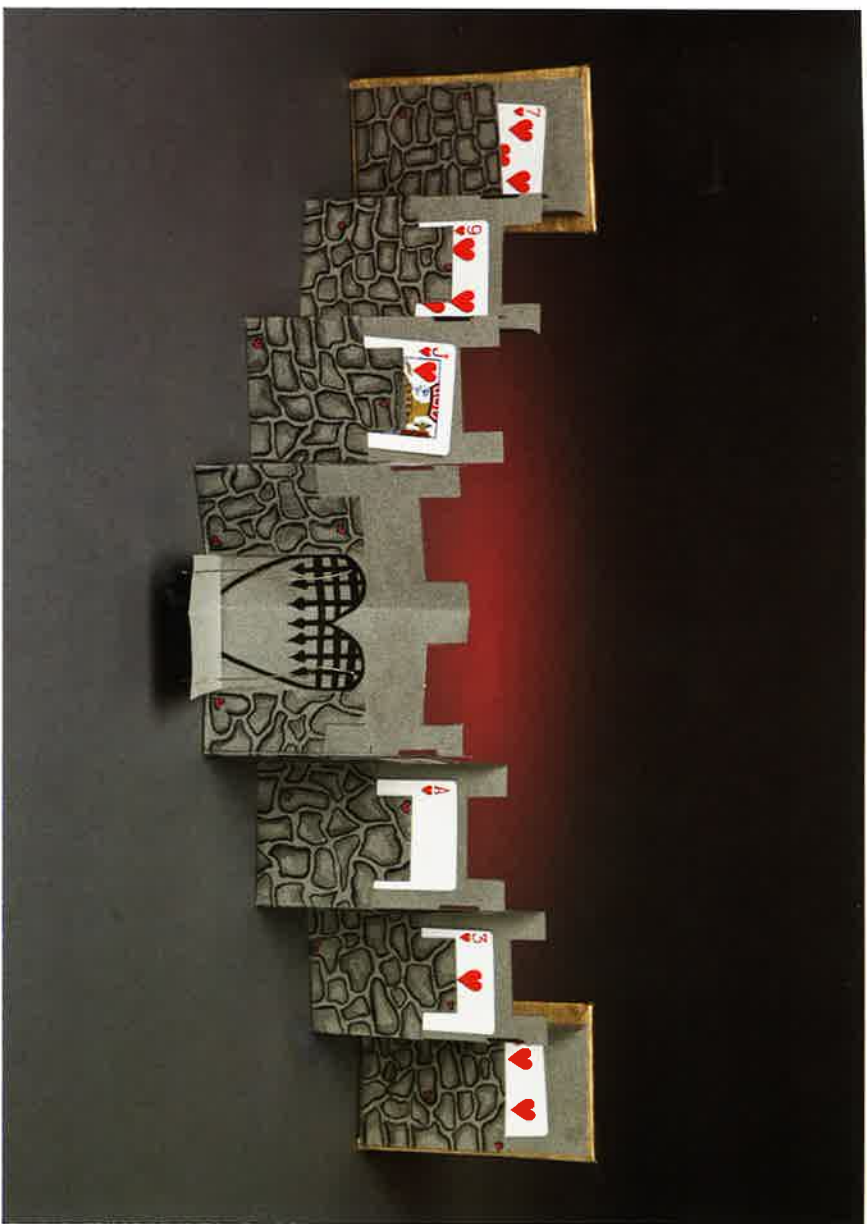
*Untitled*  
Kevin Kiselica  
Digital Imagery



*Untitled*  
Sarah Tower-Dukeshire  
Mixed Media on Paper



*Love*  
Sarita Morrison  
Digital Imagery



*Untitled*  
Sarah Walker  
Artist's Book



*Untitled*  
Amatul Saeed  
Artist's Book



*Leaves*  
Elizabeth Guerra  
Black and White  
Photography



*Texture*  
Laura Wilder  
Marker Drawing



*Untitled #1*  
 Laura Goody  
 Digital Imagery



*Untitled #2*  
 Laura Goody  
 Digital Imagery



*The Blues*  
Lauren Carp  
Conte Crayon Drawing

## Gravity

*By Matthew Lamonakis*

Floating  
Through space  
On a two hour stay

I'm high  
As a kite  
Like the rocket man would say

Dancing through the constellations  
Looking at all of God's creations

The Milky Way  
Saturn  
It's all too soon

Coming back now as I perceive the earth  
And the moon

Oh Gravity  
Gravity  
Pulling me on down

Then all my troubles come back around

## Mirror, Mirror, On the Wall

*By Kelly Martin*

The girl who was steady, stumbled  
The girl who seemed so strong, crumbled  
The girl who always laughed it off, cried  
She finally quit, she was dying inside

The girl in the mirror is not me  
The girl in the mirror is who I used to be  
Can you help me turn around?  
Because the girl in the mirror cannot be found

The girl who was always optimistic and bright  
Is quiet now, she stays out of sight  
The girl whose life was always secure, became confused  
She lost everything, the girl who thought she could never lose

Can you help me find her, set her free?  
Turn around, look at me  
These eyes are empty, her smiles are fake  
She looks for help, she wants to wake

The girl in the mirror is not me  
The girl in the mirror is who I used to be  
Can you help me turn around?  
Because the girl in the mirror cannot be found

The girl in the mirror cannot be found

## Atonement

*By Megan Whalen*

You lurk in negative spaces  
The glow you once possessed has dissipated  
The warmth we felt from a summer's day has faded  
I can get you back there, I swear

The anguish is coming over you, I see it all around  
Like resonating laughter trapped inside your soul  
Your eyes are swallowing your dreams  
I'm struggling to get you back, to who you used to be

Your anger haunts the sacred corners of my mind  
You glance at me with such utter distrust  
Breaking my heart isn't enough, you crave more  
I want to get you back, to those days when you were free

If you had taken my hand you would see  
There's more to life than the misery that enraptures you  
I see your kindred spirit slipping from reality's grasp  
I can't get you back, safe from the breath of doom

I'm sorry

## Doctor, I Have Something to Say

*By Paul McKane*

His gait was jaunty, his posture was true,  
His cheeks were red and his eyes bright blue.  
No one would guess he was seventy-nine,  
Mr. K. was robust, and appeared to be fine.  
He wore a sweater from his working days,  
A handsome blue knit with postal displays.  
For over forty years he delivered the mail,  
Used only twelve sick days, was otherwise hale.  
Doctor I have something to say.  
Doctor, can I go home today?

He arrived with a daughter, and charming wife,  
He followed behind, so unlike him in life.  
A suitcase was emptied, clothes hung on the rack;  
He came to my office and let his family unpack.  
He was mistaken, thinking me a physician  
Who could influence the fate of this decision.  
He knocked at the door, sat in the chair,  
And began to question the plan for his care.  
Doctor I have something to say.  
Doctor, can I go home today?

Papers were signed, and directives provided,  
His family devastated by the fate life decided.  
Good-bye was protracted; guilt feeling was high,  
But it was time to leave, and time to cry.  
It was now late in the day, and he was alone,  
He picked at his supper, and glanced at the phone.  
When the sun went down he often roamed,  
But today was different as he thought of home.  
Doctor I have something to say.  
Doctor, can I go home today?

A troubled sleep endured, he awoke at first light,  
To vigorously attack the source of his plight.  
He dressed in his sweater, walked to the door,  
And greeted the staff that he passed on the floor.  
An early visitor they thought he must be  
Just leaving the loved one that he came to see.  
Through the door, to the porch, and down the stair,  
He walked toward the street with a confident air.  
But in the lot the nurse who admitted last night  
Halted the patient from completing his flight.  
Doctor I have something to say.  
Doctor, where am I today?

Mr. K. had clear memories from a time far past,  
But current thoughts were not meant to last.  
He recalled that he was the school baseball star,  
The terror of the diamond who hit the ball far.  
He related that in '42 with the big game tied at 4  
His was the home run that gave the winning score.  
He asked a name, he asked the time, he asked the time again,  
And then he asked a third time, with no ability to retain.  
Doctor I have something to say.  
Doctor, where am I today?

Eleven months have elapsed, and his memory has faded,  
He walks steady and straight, but his gait has abated.  
He attempts to converse, but often loses his thought,  
He has some incontinence that the disease has wrought.  
His family comes daily, completely devoted;  
As his recognition falters, they are often not noted.  
He is secure in their hearts as loving husband and dad,  
But the deterioration of his essence hurts so bad.  
Doctor, I don't know what to say.  
Doctor, who am I today?

## Little Miracles

By Kristen Rego

*"Little Miracles" received Honorable Mention in this year's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.*

When I was nine years old a tragedy happened in my family: my cousin Andrew died in a skiing accident during his class field trip. I was not sure how to react; it did not seem real to me, especially because my godparents (Andrew's parents) had lost their son Alex several years prior to leukemia. I could not believe that something so awful could happen twice to my family. I did not think that anything bad would ever happen to my family at all. My family had to seek strength and condolence from each other, and eventually we all pulled through with the help of what I consider to be little miracles.

Before my cousin Andrew's death, I don't want to say that I didn't believe in miracles, but I just didn't think that they really happened. Little did I know what would happen soon after his death. A few weeks before he died, Andrew was taking CCD (Confraternity of Christian Doctrine) classes at his church. During one of the classes the students were given the assignment to write a paper about themselves that their future family could remember them by. Andrew did not want to write, he wanted to draw instead. He asked his teacher if he would be able to draw a watch instead of writing, and the teacher allowed him to. After the skiing accident my Uncle Bob, Andrew's father, was at the site of the accident, and just when he was leaving he stepped on something. To his amazement it was Andrew's watch. Later on Andrew's CCD teacher gave my godparents the drawing, and the time that Andrew wrote on the watch was the exact time that he had died.

Still upset about Andrew's tragic death, my godmother, Aunty Kristin, was praying to God and searching for answers. She wanted to know if Andrew was alright. She asked God to give her a sign, and she asked him to show her yellow roses that day so that she would know that Andrew was there in heaven. My Aunty Kristin searched all day for yellow roses. She went to stores and cemeteries in a desperate

search for hope, but was left with nothing. She came home devastated and went up to bed. Later that night my Uncle Bob heard the doorbell ring, and when he opened the door in front of his eyes was a bundle of yellow roses; but to everyone's surprise there was no information on who the roses were from.

When Andrew was younger he had bought his mom a present from school for Mother's Day. When my Aunty Kristin opened the present she saw a little twig that would supposedly grow into a beautiful tree. She was upset and felt that the school had given her son a worthless stick, but she planted it anyways to make him happy. The tree grew but the flowers never bloomed. Last year would have been the year that Andrew graduated from high school, and on the day of his class's graduation the flowers bloomed.

These three little miracles helped change a previously held opinion of mine. Before, I never felt that miracles really happened, especially not in my life. This experience taught me to appreciate the little things in life and cherish those close to me. I learned that even when things seem sad or difficult God gives us signs to let us know that all is well.

## I Gladly Die

*By Richard Guerra*

It was the first time I heard the sky erupt into flames of burning groves  
of red fruits

Donning full robes of smoke as they rush down my throat

A strangled bangle of heated claps thrusting the air into downward  
shoots

The struggles and cries

Turn to sapphire fireflies

That buzz violently as they lash out at the night

And then the storm stops and I see the sky become new colors  
unimaginable so beautiful and so bright

I see the grass stroked in white waves by the wind and bathed in colors  
I thought impossible

I look beyond to the forest where the wounded trees heal and regrow  
their leaves and moss in full

It was the first time I watched the ground expand and ripple rapidly  
like angry water

Spires of thick earth I could taste from the smell of the soil spraying the  
land like lava moving faster and hotter

The fountains of rock and dust greet the wind and paint the desert and  
shores with broad strokes lathered with the sand

I walked across the paintings and found them smooth on my feet yet  
rough on my hand

It was the first time the breath of the air exhaled a field of lightning  
charged with beads of cold dew

Flashing and skating into my skin like painful sparks cracking as they  
roll though

The water pierces through me like blades of soft ice so cold and so  
strong

Blowing over my face and hair, singing deep into my ears as I dance to  
their song

It drags me across all the grass and forest and desert as I hum along

My eyes no longer see and my ears cannot hear

I feel only the dust and the rush and the fear

I'm glad to have seen the sights and heard the sound

I can still taste the dirt as I'm taken farther and farther down

I smell sweet grass and take one last drink as I drown

## My Life in a Nutshell

By Kelly Martin

*"My Life in a Nutshell" was the first-place winner in this year's First-Year Writing Prize Competition.*

I lay awake trapped inside an iron lung, completely surrounded by dark, cold, hard metal. It was like being ensnared in a casket. I was completely shut off from the outside world, except for a glimmer of light peeking through a miniscule window embedded on the side of the huge machine. My body was starving for air; I was petrified. I knew being enclosed inside the lung was the only solution at the moment to solve my inability to consume oxygen, but the fear, nonetheless, engulfed my spirit.

I was at the tender age of ten, and it was Christmas time. The snow lightly pattered my window, coating the trees in beautiful icicles and setting the stage for the most magical season of the year. Unfortunately, I got sick – very sick – so sick that I ended up being rushed to the hospital in an ambulance. However, that was not unusual for me; up until then I had been a frequent flyer of the hospital. You see, I am in a wheelchair, I have been my whole life, and while that is an obstacle in itself, that was not my most trying situation. If it was not bad enough ending up in the ICU, and in an iron lung, I then succumbed to having a tube shoved down my throat to open up my airway. I was forced into a world where everyone was talking, and all I could do was listen in silence. Since that wouldn't suffice forever, the doctors went to Plan B...surgery, a tracheotomy. I always promised myself I would never have any surgeries, but this was serious. There was a huge chance I would never be able to utter another word; my parents were devastated, but it was a chance they took, nevertheless. I can now proudly proclaim that my parents' ears are constantly being bombarded with the sound of my voice. Not only that, I can sing, too.

That wasn't my only surgery. Since I could no longer swallow, and nourishment was a major factor in my recovery, I needed to find another source of intake. Less than a week later, I went for my second surgery, which was very traumatic. They placed a feeding tube into my

stomach. After that, my time was spent in a rehabilitation center, trying to regain some of my strength. I fell into a depressive state, thinking I would never go home. With a lot of determination, and my strong will to recover, I pulled through. "Don't back down, don't give up," those words were my mantra, something I strive to live by every day. After six months in the hospital, the day was finally here. The day I would enter into a whole new world, a world of hope with endless opportunities and never ending ventures. Exciting, yes, but very nerve wracking – knowing that with limited mobility, on a ventilator, and without ever being able to eat again, I would be conquering all of my life's challenges. With anxious anticipation, I did go home, tears streaming down my face.

Both surgeries have enabled me to become healthier, and to avoid the hospital altogether since then. However, my life has never been the same, I am still not as strong as I used to be, and I need help in most physical things I do. I will never be able to eat, and most likely never breathe on my own again. But, what am I going to do? Quit? Give up? Pity myself because I am not like everyone else? No. I'm proud of myself and my accomplishments. Through all my setbacks, I have managed to keep up with my studies, and I am now a high school graduate and attending college. I have been leading a relatively normal life. I have conquered tremendous tribulations in my lifetime and have always made school my top priority. I have no doubt that my strong character and will to survive will carry me through college and allow me to remain at the same, if not more improved, successful level that I have already acquired. "Give up" is not in my vocabulary, and I will never falter when things get demanding or grueling. I am someone who is serious about their schoolwork and who will be persistent in their future endeavors. I not only want to learn, but I also wish to show others that even though someone is a little different they can still accomplish their goals and dreams.

6/23/07

By Jen Farrell

Three years of trust  
That turned into dust  
After one single moment  
Of desperate fuss  
A grab at my waist  
You then took your place  
And a crash to the floor  
No running, no chase  
Your hands like shackles  
Holding my wrists above my head  
I was too much in shock, with so much to dread  
Your lips heavy on mine so no air could come out  
I wanted to scream, I wanted to shout  
My stomach aching, my head spinning  
If I didn't act now, I would not be winning  
A shake of my body and a twist of my hips  
Was just not enough to break the sting of your lips  
One last chance before you went any further  
A clear kick to the groin as you became a bit lighter  
I made my escape before it was too late  
But that was not the thing I lost, is this supposed to be fate?  
Three years of trust  
That turned into dust  
After one single moment  
I will never forget  
And the only thing you have left is regret

## Introduction to "Therapeutic Writing: A Remedy for Understanding and Transforming Life Experiences"

By Brittany Capozzi

*This introduction is excerpted from the author's undergraduate honors thesis completed in April 2009.*

One may ask, how do written words survive? They do not live by breathing air but by conveying meaning, whether the meaning is spelled out simply or hidden in a subliminal message. It is not the string of words that creates a movement, but rather one's interpretation of the words along the lines. Writing genres can be interpreted on different levels. Literature can be analyzed according to the template of the literary elements. For example, the verses in songs and poems can be analyzed according to the rhythmic organizational forms such as AABB or ABAB to construe the writer's ideas and emotional message. Through hearing or reading a song or poem, one can learn more about oneself through journeys taken in the pieces. Being aware of what writing evokes in us enables spiritual and mental well-being. This is one benefit of Therapeutic Writing.

Therapeutic Writing is interpreted according to the psychological needs of the writer. A deeper connection is made between the writer and the words that chase after the pen. The result of the writing is not meant for the larger audience of Literature. Therapeutic Writing is first a private endeavor through which the writer molds the meaning to fit the context of his or her life. Therapeutic Writing is similar to free-writing; one writes to end up at a direction where self-progress is seen. In this way, Therapeutic Writing becomes a remedy, a combination of ingredients used to alleviate problems and allow treatment to occur. Therapeutic Writing is a remedy for understanding and transforming life experiences.

When treatment, or curing, takes shape, this is known as Therapy. Once these two stages are understood, an individual can transform, or alter, into a new characteristic or state of being. An inward change within the person that evolves through Therapeutic Writing is

known as Self-transformation. When the individual voices his or her own personal transformation to others, creating a social movement, Social Transformation evolves.

Instructors of Therapeutic Writing may see its definition differently. For example, Dr. Allan Hunter of Curry College defines Therapeutic Writing as self-exploration while Dr. James Pennebaker of University of Texas at Austin defines it as expressive writing after traumatic experiences. Hunter focuses his Therapeutic Writing exercises based on what the subconscious self is expressing to the rest of the body. For instance, seemingly unrelated symbols in visualization walks may unravel certain thoughts that need to be addressed before moving forward in one's life (Interview 8 Oct. 2008). Pennebaker, on the other hand, directly outlines what one should write about in his book *Writing to Heal*. In one exercise, he tells the writer to describe the traumatic incident in another perspective. Although both instructors offer opposing techniques, both succeed in guiding the writer towards Self-transformation through their unique approaches to Therapeutic Writing.

The growing field of Therapeutic Writing can be seen in different genres such as: Literature, Creative Writing, song lyrics, and nationwide events. Before the writer shapes his or her personal writing into written art, the writer must be observant and in tune with his or her psyche. According to the *Anthology of American Literature: Ninth Edition* by Bradley et al., African American writer Toni Morrison understands the reflection between personal situations and the written word. The textbook quotes Morrison saying that her "fictions are meant to show all readers 'how to survive [...] in a world where we are all victims of something'" (2299). Morrison, along with the readers, can empathize with experiences that occur in her novels. Bradley goes on to say that "Morrison's fiction shows not only how people can survive, but also how they can, through their suffering and resistance to repression, move toward a redeeming understanding of their true selves" (2299). Morrison's novels illustrate the transformations of fictional characters who reflect real life characters.

Singer and songwriter Alicia Keys uses Therapeutic Writing as a tunnel for emotions to follow through. In the introduction to her 2004 songbook of poems and lyrics *Tears for Water*, Keys explains the meaning behind the title. She uses her own emotions to breathe and survive; she

writes: "Everything I have ever written has stemmed from my tears of joy, of pain, of sorrow, of depression, and of question [...] I don't mind drinking my tears for water" (Keys 2). She nourishes her professional art with her personal emotions. Keys continues to dedicate the book to those who "believe in the power of words and their potential to heal" (3). The majority of her poems describe her experience of life either through the lens of nature or through the lens of superficial beauty in Hollywood. Through the latter, she records her reactions to the false way women are perceived in the media in hopes of spreading the message, creating a Social Transformation, a movement that can inspire individuals to take their own journeys through Therapeutic Writing.

Writing cleanses the soul. For example, the sixteen-year-old girl from "Dolly's Silhouette of Fear" (Portfolio 2007) uses a therapeutic technique of writing as a way to wash away sins that she has witnessed and endured. It is ideal to use the analogy of bleeding ink in this situation. As each word is composed on the page, the girl moves closer and closer to mentally healing, even though she is not physically ready to move on. The excerpt below shows the doll as a symbol of broken innocence for the victim of rape.

An angelic doll in a white silk dress sits on the bare tiled floor. The pattern details of dark red roses are barely recognizable on the clothing material. The bottom of her dress appears as if it had been torn into slivers. Her eyes are stuck shut while her head tilts downward. The shimmer of her brown hair reflects in the light. For one to feel the cheeks of this figure is to feel smooth white grains of sand on a porcelain surface. The temperature in the atmosphere allows her cheeks to be somewhat warm. Her scarlet smile had been chipped away earlier this evening, leaving a crevasse across the division of her upper and lower lip. The foolish man scraped it off with his chisel.

Her two dainty hands fall to her side.

Study this doll.

Look into her eyes as she forces them open in time (21).

The author invites the reader to look into the eyes of the doll and to move toward understanding the picture painted. Mentally, the author and reader come together to face the situation and to explore the process of healing.

When expressing difficult thoughts, we all can be artists of words. The common assumption that teenagers have nothing to contribute to the survival of the written word because they have not yet experienced divorce, pregnancies, or career alterations first hand must be obliterated. They are not devoid of mature feelings and situations. Teenagers have voices that whisper of vulnerability and loneliness for a number of factors. The factors inspire the stories and memoirs that are written.

*The Freedom Writers' Diary* describes how one teacher led her students out of a world where gang wars were an inevitable rite of passage and into a place of hope. In 1994, High School English teacher Erin Gruwell introduced the idea of personal journal writing after realizing that not one of her students had known what the Holocaust was. A stereotypical drawing had been passed around the classroom, just as a propaganda drawing had been passed around by the Nazis in the 1940's. With the incorporation of autobiographies in her lesson plans and the personal journal entries, the cohort of over one-hundred students started to empathize with one another. Self-transformation was evident as the adolescents grew into seekers in search of their true souls. They opened their minds to explore the world and its social movements, or social transformations.

The Freedom Writers took the written word and used it as a weapon to fight off what society assumed of them. They used it to revive themselves and see what they needed to see. Their transformation refuted the common assumption that "the written word is weak" (Dillard 17) and showed that if one can look beyond the physical appearance of the phrase and bring one's creativity to work, one will realize the power of words. Meaning lives behind the context. It is imperative for children and young adults to color in the adjectives and nouns of experiences, to fuel them with adrenaline, making their sentences stand out, as if they are happening and not staring out blankly from the page. This is how a social movement is conceived.

The ink exhales inner words onto its surface. It is essential to personify the ink that creates the words because the pen is a passage for each individual's living thoughts. The ink symbolizes the bleeding of one's thoughts—thoughts of buried knowledge, repressed turmoil, intricate designs of all kind. The definition of ink varies from outlining the

curves of letters in one's handwriting to typing the words on a computer screen. The plain background is decorated just as the writing enriches the life of the person. Written art is composed. It is one's own precise and delicate way of describing the major themes of life.

The environment generates inspiration. The sounds, the music of the surroundings, contribute to the mood of the experience one wishes to communicate. The aroma of a burning candle and fresh cut grass outside may be found helpful to maintain equilibrium. The scene that sits before the person contributes to the weaving of words. One colors in what he or she sees with his or her own thoughts in mind and not with what the color of the object is. The senses deepen the thoughts behind experience.

The prose piece "A Life Undone" (Portfolio 2007) illustrates the senses used to bring forth the theme of death after losing a friend to cancer.

A young man with a boyish charm does not get to see today. He is not able to feel the chilly breezes one after the other across the blades of grass. His ears will never hear the crickets break the tranquility of the night. His future dreams lay forever sleeping, forever untouched.

While he was living, he tied and double tied his dreams one after the other and aspired to create a new one. In such a short period of time, he achieved more dreams than most do in a lifetime. He was an actor of the theatre, a singer of the art, a spirit of the golden aura (23).

The theme of guilt runs through the first two sentences as the speaker's thoughts move toward the question of why. Why has life been revoked from the young man? The idea of associating the young man with words such as: "forever" and "never" informs the reader that things are the way that they are according to the way life is perceived. At first, the speaker assumes that nothing can go beyond the boundary of life. The speaker's attitude of pessimism begins to change towards the end as she senses that eternal qualities he evoked live on in spirit.

The open and natural setting serves as an inspirational place for the writer to move toward the stage of acceptance. However, contemporary authors like Annie Dillard and Stephen King advise writers to close the door to block out scenes that may offer distractions from the best

ideas. Dillard does not believe in waiting for inspiration in an environment that can be distracting to the imagination. She closes the door, windows and curtains (26-27). Both authors insist when all is said and done that we present the work to the outside world for criticism. Therapeutic Writing does not always make it to the outside world. Therapeutic Writing can be used for Self-transformation only, if one chooses to keep one's writing private and not show it to the outside world. The benefit in this case is the writer's growth within his or her actions.

From Alicia Keys to the Freedom Writers to Stephen King, the written word has been shown to be a strong bond of survival between people and their thoughts. We psychologically compartmentalize different sense experiences in different parts of our brain. By writing and reading our own thoughts and the thoughts of others, we can put abstract emotions and stressors from our lives into perspective, furthering our Self- and Social Transformation, hence our survival through Therapeutic Writing.

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## Years Gone By (Song Lyrics)

By Benjamin James Smith

I prayed to God every night  
But that waste of time couldn't save their precious life  
So now I'm sitting here, reminiscent of these tears  
Thinking about their love, their life, why they died, and how we've cried  
All the years gone by  
It's been a long time  
I was a child back then  
Now grandma, I'm a man shaving facial hair  
I'm in college now  
Getting good grades  
Staying away from drugs and beer  
Your grandson's coming of age, trying to behave  
And add to my belt  
Some more years of pain

I've fallen in love twice but watched it disappear  
I try to visit you guys whenever I am near  
I try to envision your eyes without saying a prayer  
I'm living my life for you  
To God I swear  
You two were taken too soon  
It just wasn't fair  
Doctors gave a medical reason for you leaving  
But I know deep down it was because your heart and soul were bleeding  
To lose the love of your life I can't ever imagine  
And to say I've been in love twice  
You must be in heaven laughing  
I hope you know when I achieve success  
Grandma, I believe you rest  
It must take away stress to see your family  
Striving, surviving, doing their best

Tell Grandpa I'm saving my money  
Not blowing it on honeys, just those who unconditionally love me  
The family has been broken up since you took that ride up  
But I've heard blood's thicker than water  
I'll try and fix these things up  
Oh, and my father, he's doing okay  
Still stubborn as a mule, but he's living  
So I guess no complaints

Mom's good too, she's glad I'm doing well in school  
Last semester I sent home a 92 in an envelope  
It made her week  
I love her to death  
We are on better terms from the last time we spoke  
Tell Grandpa I got a picture of me and him  
When I was just a little kid  
Sitting at Sippewissett  
The one where I'm staring at him  
And he's acting like Mort, very important with his poker stick  
Katie's good, she's in love too  
His name's Mike, he's a good dude  
He's in college, going to school  
Katie's honest sometimes, you know how kids follow rules  
Now I'm not complaining, but is it a coincidence that when I'm sad it's  
raining  
Or is that you giving me a sign, telling me you don't want to see me cry  
Grandma, this rain you rain can't hide my pain  
It hurts not to speak your name, but hurts more to know that you're up  
there okay  
Why couldn't you stay  
Okay, I'll stop this, I know these thoughts are selfish  
My rage is a lion in a cage, I know you're not the one who dealt this  
Pain  
Your absence must have been fate  
Predetermined, but years later your hugs I'm still yearning for  
One more Christmas to see you walk through that door  
Grandma, I wish this, I really hope you get this

And just know your memory is forever and everlasting  
Tell Grandpa I said I love him too  
He's probably up in a cloud napping  
I'm going to graduate school  
Make crazy loot  
Fall in love again and have a kid, maybe two  
So until we speak again  
I love you forevermore  
Hope the clouds up there are nice and Florida warm  
One more prayer  
Kisses  
And one more image  
I see you waving behind heaven's door

## Resurrect Our Life

*By Debra Casallas*

Where have you gone  
confident, virile man of my youth?

You captivated me so  
Your appraising gaze caressed me  
Your irresistible smile speared me to the ground  
seizing my heart and mind into a frenzied stutter  
The quiet lure of your intelligent eyes  
whispered, I am home

What right did you have to let that go?

The magic you possessed  
tantalized a young girl  
Bewitched me  
    with sweet promises of electrifying love  
    and the tender touch of devotion

Come back to me, my love  
reclaim our penetrating promise  
Complacency is starving my soul

I lie beside you each dark night  
reminiscing on our vibrant past  
Longing for you  
    to stroke my body with fierce tenderness  
    intoxicate my mind with the drug of devotion

Captivate me once more

Do I ask too much?  
Will the spark ignite  
    for a sentimental woman  
    who anticipated great passion from life?

Come back to me, my love  
Resurrect our life

## As Yet Untitled

*By John Everett*

However fast it goes,  
it comes back again,  
swimmers returning course  
red and green swiftly running  
under shimmering liquid

By the bank  
fennel spurts wild  
while up  
on the hill  
gold wheat that grows long

is now shorn  
by bright orange tractor,  
trundling and scooting  
along the low troughs—  
plowing away the day

Blue-wild yonder  
traced with vapor trail  
disappears into the lurking  
dense arbor growth  
standing ready to renew



## **CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES**



#### BRITTANY CAPOZZI

Brittany Capozzi is a senior at Curry College majoring in English with a double concentration in Professional Writing and Creative Writing. Last spring, she presented her undergraduate thesis: "Therapeutic Writing: A Remedy for Understanding and Transforming Life Experiences." Brittany has found personal experiences to be the core of creating any genre of writing.

#### LAUREN CARP

Lauren Carp is a 2008 alum who was able to combine her love of art with a love for children. As a toddler teacher, she encourages the younger generation to find an appreciation for art by opening them to the world of creativity. In her spare time she shares her good eye with family through making art, painting walls, and redecorating the house.

#### DEBRA CASALLAS

Debra Casallas received a Bachelor of Arts degree in Communication with a minor in Psychology from Curry College in May 2008. She has owned and managed a childcare business for twelve years, but returned to school to complete her degree and pursue a new path in communications. She and her husband Richard have two children, Richard II and Julie, who continually inspire them to do better and are a steady source of joy.

#### SAMANTHA CRESCITELLI

Samantha Crescitelli is from Beverly, Massachusetts, also known as the city next to Salem where the witch trials happened. She graduated from Curry in May of 2009 with a major in English, concentration in American Literature, and a minor in philosophy. She will begin working on an M.A. in English at Simmons College in the fall of 2009, and in the meantime is working on her first novel.

#### JOHN EVERETT

John Everett graduated with a degree in English in Spring 2009. He entered Curry in 2007 after taking a few years off from school. His aspiration is to write full-time in any capacity possible, while writing fiction is his true dream.

#### JEN FARRELL

Jen Farrell transferred to Eastern Connecticut State University to continue majoring in Psychology with a minor in English. She enjoys deep conversations and sincere smiles almost as much as her classic rock and Sour Patch Kids. From a small, friendly town in Connecticut, Jen's main goal is to make an impact on each person she meets on her journey through life.

#### LAURA GOODY

Laura Goody is currently creating works digitally, printing on canvas and working into them using paint. She hopes to continue creating and one day show her works in a gallery.

#### ELIZABETH GUERRA

Elizabeth Guerra, Class of 2009, graduated with a major in Communication and a minor in Visual Arts. She works in a variety of media including paint, charcoal, wire, and film.

#### RICHARD GUERRA

Richard Guerra is a subscribed, atomized, synchronized, fully automated, national phenomenon. He strictly, blindly, completely, and loyally follows no rules whatsoever. He never looks for problems, picks fights, pushes buttons, or stirs things up, but isn't choosing his battles, settling his differences or finding any diplomatic solutions. He holds no bounds, shows no mercy, feels no pain, takes no prisoners, and leaves no survivors. He is a force to be reckoned with, but a voice that can't be reasoned with. He's environmentally adaptable, USB compatible; his claws are retractable, his limbs are detachable, and he will continue to push the boundaries, push the limits, push the envelope and change the world.

#### THYRA HELGESEN

Thyra Helgesen majored in Graphic Design at Curry College during her freshman and sophomore years.

#### AMANDA JOYCE

Amanda Joyce is a sophomore Nursing major from Marshfield, Massachusetts.

#### JESSICA KARVELAS

Jessica Karvelas lives right outside Boston, Massachusetts and wouldn't have it any other way. She is a Business major at Curry, minoring in Applied Computing. At present, she enjoys writing about things she knows first-hand.

#### PEGGY KENNEDY

Peggy Kennedy would like to thank Laurie Alpert for her outstanding guidance and direction in teaching the world of visual art. Her assignment to reflect on a political reference that we could relate to on a personal level inspired "Bush-isms." Friends and family often giggle at my own bloopers, so it was only fitting for me to approach the piece from that angle.

#### KEVIN KISELICA

Kevin Kiselica graduated in 2009 with a major in Visual Arts. During his time at Curry, he focused on photography and digital art. He enjoys painting, loves the outdoors, and centers his photography on landscapes.

#### MATTHEW LAMONAKIS

Matthew Lamonakis is a senior Communication major from Westford, Massachusetts.

#### MEGAN LONERGAN

Megan Lonergan is a nursing major from Hanson, Massachusetts. She loves to spend time with her family, which is evident in her work. When not with family, she can be found with friends, her boyfriend, or in the library studying for her next nursing exam. It is hard not to find her with a smile on her face during the summer months.

#### EMMA LOWN

Emma Lown is a senior Psychology and English double-major from Brookline, Massachusetts. This summer she interned with Robert Pinsky's Favorite Poems Project at Boston University.

#### PETER MACHEN

Peter Machen is a 2009 graduate who has worked in a variety of mediums, including steel, wood, and glass.

#### KELLY MARTIN

Kelly Martin is entering her sophomore year at Curry College. Her passion is writing, and she was very excited that her pieces were chosen for the 2009 edition; she very much enjoyed being part of the production process this year. Kelly likes to listen to music, especially rock, but her overall taste in music is very eclectic. She also enjoys watching movies and television. She aspires to be a writer and hopes to one day create her own TV show. Kelly attributes her successes and talents to her wonderful, supportive parents and her Boppy, as well as her other family members!

#### SAMANTHA MCDUFFEE

Samantha McDuffee lives in Winthrop, about twenty-five minutes from Curry. Her favorite class is drawing. She really fell in love with art this past semester. She hopes to be a graphic designer when she is older, but she is just fine with painting and drawing, too.

#### PAUL MCKANE

Paul McKane graduated in May 2009 with a B.S.N. from the Accelerated Nursing Program.

#### SARITA MORRISON

Sarita Morrison completed a Graphic Design degree at Curry College in May 2009.

#### CHRISTOPHER R. PECKBEATON

Christopher R. Peckbeaton comes from the small east coast town of Marblehead. He has great love for History, especially Asian Cultural History. He has been both a student and freelance photographer for the past five years, night photography being his specialty.

#### KRISTEN REGO

Kristen Rego is a sophomore at Curry majoring in Nursing. She is also a "gewfie newfie." She was recently "screeched-in" in St. John's, Newfoundland with her cousins and suggests that everyone travels there at least once.

#### AMTUL SAEED

Raised in Ft. Myers, Florida and currently residing in Brockton, Massachusetts, Amtul Saeed is a junior at Curry. When she applied to Curry, she did so with the intent of becoming an elementary school teacher. Amtul has always had a love for the arts and is glad that she is now working toward a Graphic Design degree that will allow her to express her own talent and the joy that art brings her. She is this year's cover artist.

#### KRISTA SELNAU

Krista Selnau graduated in May with a B.A. in English and a B.A. in Politics & History after four years of stress, tears, and general hair yanking. She plans to attend Suffolk University Law School this fall where she will resume her lip-biting, nail-picking, caffeine consuming tendencies. She does, however, credit Marlene Samuelson for showing her the path to mindfulness and a stress-free life. Whether her stress will stay at bay when she resumes schooling in the fall remains to be seen. Her future goals include: lawyer, writer, humanitarian, and light-hearted jokester.

#### BENJAMIN JAMES SMITH

When I close my eyes I envision an empty page surrounded  
by darkness.

My thoughts are shrouded in mystery, covered by clouds, rain, and  
impermeable blackness.

Amongst this abyss swirl questions, pain, sadness, hope, love,  
and death.

Occasionally lightning strikes.

This is my only light.

This light is my vessel to freedom.

This light clashes swords with my confusion, my fears, my sadness.

This light is my medication, my miracle, my hero, my poetry.

My name is Benjamin James Smith and this is why I write.

#### SARAH TOWER-DUKESHIRE

Art has always been a part of Sarah Tower-Dukeshire's life. Her grandmother is a wonderful painter and her mother is a successful glass artist. She personally likes to work with mixed media. She makes art because she enjoys it. Most of all, she does it to have some time to herself and relax. She completed her liberal arts degree in December 2008. She thanks her husband and parents for all their support throughout her Curry career.

#### SARAH WALKER

Sarah Walker graduated in May 2009 with a major in  
Communication.

#### MEGAN WHALEN

Originally from Bellingham, Massachusetts, Megan Whalen attended college in Connecticut before transferring to Curry in her junior year. She loves to experience new things, write poetry, and spend time with family and friends. She graduated in May 2009 with a degree in Communication and one day hopes to write a novel.

#### LAURA WILDER

Laura Wilder is a sophomore from Natick, Massachusetts.

## ***Curry Arts Journal Submission Guidelines***

All Curry students are invited to submit quality poems, short stories, essays, script excerpts, and artwork on paper for consideration by a student/faculty panel. Submission deadlines occur at the end of the fall and spring semesters. Up to three submissions per person per semester will be reviewed. Each submission must be accompanied by a submission form. Forms are available in the Student Center (ask at the Information Desk), Levin Library, the Academic and Performance Center, Hafer, and Kennedy Buildings, and the Faculty Building. Please staple or paperclip a completed form to each submission and include your name on the back of the work. Do not include your name anywhere on the front of the piece (with the exception of artwork). Cover design submissions must include the word *Curry* in the Trajan font in keeping with the college standards for print publications. Prose pieces must be double-spaced. We strongly suggest that you have your literary pieces edited and proofread by a faculty member or an Academic Enrichment Center tutor before turning them in to the *Curry Arts Journal*.

Submissions can be sent or delivered to the *Curry Arts Journal* mailbox on the first floor of the Faculty Building. If your work is accepted, you will be notified ASAP and be asked to send us a MS Word formatted email attachment of your entry.

For more information, please contact Karen D'Amato at ext. 2157 or at [kdamato@curry.edu](mailto:kdamato@curry.edu). We look forward to hearing from you!

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